

Name.	Home Address.	Post Address.
Clendinnen, G.,	Fairfield View, Ambleside;	c/o Mrs. Russell Smith, Chilcote, St. Anne's-on-Sea.
Cooper, C.,	The White House, Grosmont;	c/o Mrs. Fothergill, Stoney Beck, Little Fryup, Danby, Grosmont R.S.O., Yorks.
Courtney, D. S.,	The Vicarage, Austwick, Lancaster;	c/o Mrs. Cook, Hilbre, Sheringham, Norfolk.
Crayden, J. E.,	c/o Rev. T. A. Robinson, The Vicarage, Hewish, Bristol;	c/o Mrs. Prisleau, The Rectory House, Drinkstone, Bury St. Edmunds.
Evans, D. F.,	The Lodge, Stock	, Ingatestone, Essex; c/o Mrs. Bevan, 21, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.
Glascott, M. K.,	10, Buttertont Road, Rhyl, North Wales;	c/o Mrs. Williamson, Moorfield House, Headingley, Leeds.
Haggie, G. M.,	Brumcombe, Foxcombe Hill, Oxford.	
Hart, R.,	St. Aubyns, Scalby R.S.O., Yorks.	
Henderson, C. E.,	49, Rubislaw Den South, Aberdeen;	c/o Mrs. Tindall, The Grange, Bidborough, Tunbridge Wells.
Henderson, W. S.,	19, Moray Place, Strathbungo, Glasgow;	c/o Mrs. Badcock, 11, Linden Road, Bedford.
James, M. L.,	54, Inverleith Road, Edinburgh;	c/o Mrs. Bladhwyt, The Cottage, Porlock Weir, Taunton.
Lorimer, W.,	88, Queen's Road, Finsbury Park, N.;	c/o Mrs. Walker, Piersland, Troon, Ayrshire.
Mann, C. H.,	Wainford House, Ditchingham, Norfolk;	c/o Mrs. Lascelles, Oak Lawn, Eye, Suffolk.
Murray, J.,	Eglinton Place, Dollar, D.B.	
Norris, D.,	1, Howe Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester;	33, Croydon Road, Reigate.
Orr Paterson, M.,	Ellenbank, Kirkcudbright, N.B.;	c/o Mrs. Timpson, Preston House, Basingstoke.
Robotham, K.,	The Knoll, Littleover, Derby.	
Vine, M.,	Eversley, Exmouth, Devon;	c/o Mrs. Cadbury, Rose Hill, Worcester.
Watters, R. J.,	30, Douglas Road, Canonbury, London, N.;	c/o Mrs. Potts, Summer Hill, Heackam, Norfolk (till October).
Winter, F. A.,	Ferndale, Manor Road, Twickenham;	c/o Captain Kent, Bryn Hyfryd, Tenby, South Wales.

Mann, C., Wainford House, Ditchingham, Norfolk; c/o the Hon. Mrs.
Lascelles, Middlewich, Corsham, Wilts. [? year.]

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Travel Notes.—Mrs. Esslemont, 27, West Avenue, Gos-
 forth, Newcastle.
Book Notes.—E. A. Smith, St. Laurence Vicarage,
 Ramsgate.

LETTER OF CORRECTION.

DEAR EDITOR,

Miss Mason asks me to write about the report of her very informal and desultory talk. An accurate report of such talk is out of the question, but she would like to remark upon one or two points.

Re Punishment. She wished to say that, though a light slap is both physiologically and psychologically correct, it is not often effectual. Witness the suffragettes who give us an example of the futility of arbitrary punishments. Of course any attempt at corporal punishment is attended with grave risks.

One other point: she fears she spoke as if it were not only possible but a thing that occurred that students should be sent away from their posts without due notice. This is very far from being the case. A student hardly ever leaves her post until her boy pupils go to school, or her girl pupils grow up, or are sent to school for companionship.

Mdlle. Mottu has also a protest to make *re* the discussion

on one of the papers read at the Conference. She claims that the Gouin method depends very much on a right use of phonetics.

I am,

Yours affectionately,

E. KITCHING, *Secretary*.

EDITOR'S LETTER.

DEAR STUDENTS,

My thanks are due to you for so kindly retaining me in office in spite of the frequent lapses from punctuality which my unhappy circumstances have caused.

I must take this opportunity also of thanking all those who have kindly aided me in collecting the addresses. This list is not, I am afraid, even now correct—three equally trustworthy sources have in more than one case given three quite distinct addresses for one person!

This number has to go to press in time for distribution before the holidays; hence much MSS. has had to be omitted, for which I thank the senders, hoping to make use of it later.

In future kindly address *all* communications to—

Mayfield, Maidstone,

as I have had to give up my work at Wadhurst in order to be more at home.

The next magazine should come out by October 20th. MSS. must reach the Editor *by October 1st*.

With all good wishes for the enjoyment of all your summer holidays.—Yours,

R. A. PENNETHORNE (Editor).

TRAVEL NOTES.

Most people know the feeling of despair—a rather desperate state of mind too—that fills one's soul at the thought that all the beauties of a new place have to be seen in a few short hours.

Unfortunately that was my predicament when in Kandy. Everybody has heard of the pretty little mountain capital of Ceylon and its famous Peradenia Gardens. We left the bungalow late one afternoon and motored the seventeen miles in. The road was in perfect condition: one of the fascinating "ways"—all sharp twists and turns and curves, so dear to the heart of the reckless chauffeur. The evening was delicious, actually cool and fresh. We soon left the mountainous district behind us, and glided down towards the low country. Passing the beautiful cocoa and cinnamon trees, looking down on the steep slopes covered with tea, and lower still on the curiously ridged paddy fields. The air was filled with glorious scents, so tantalisingly elusive—one sniffed and remembered, then behold they had gone, only to return unexpectedly with fresh beauties. Through the quaint little Cingalese villages we hurried, the chauffeur tooting loudly to the merry black babies sprawling all over the road. They eyed us superciliously—familiarity soon breeds contempt—but scudded hastily out of our path. A few bolder spirits shouted derisively at us as we shot past.

Natives everywhere along the road. It does not seem possible in Ceylon to go a hundred yards on any road and not meet a native.

Some shaded their precious chignons from the fast setting sun with huge umbrellas, looking solemn as judges; others chattered gaily as they went on their way; but all stopped and stared at the motor, hating us, no doubt, for the horrid cloud of dust we left behind. We slowed down a little as we

got into the outskirts of Kandy. The various places of interest were pointed out to me. The Peradenia Gardens; further on the Buddhist Temple. Here every year a magnificent ceremony takes place, called the Perahara (procession). All the Temple elephants—about forty in number—are splendidly decorated, the largest of the band being the grandest of all, as he has the honour of carrying Buddha's tooth, enclosed in a beautiful casket. The elephants are mounted by Cingalese of high rank, called headmen. These are richly dressed, and over them are held gold or silver umbrellas. The elephants walk in rows of three, and between these are other headmen, even more gorgeously dressed, if possible. This huge procession, followed by gaily-dressed crowds, walks round the lake—probably a distance of nearly three miles—with flaming torches and glowing lanterns, accompanied by the continual beating of the tom-toms.

It is indeed a wonderful spectacle, and as Mrs. Hamilton—who had witnessed it several times—gave me a vivid description of the whole ceremony, I could almost see the procession in my mind's eye. She went on to tell me about the Temple. "It is the biggest in the island. You ought to go and see it. You had better go to-morrow morning before breakfast, as it is no distance from the hotel. Besides, you can always take a rickshaw if it is too hot. For goodness sake take a parasol with you, and mind you do not go wearing yourself out so early. You will be quite tired enough after four ghastly hours in the train, right in the heat of the day, too!"

A cheering prospect, truly! She shook her head in answer to my question.

"No, my dear, I really cannot stand the temple again. I have done it religiously several times, but never again. The dirt and the stuffiness are awful. I warn you! They'll press Temple flowers upon you at every turn, and you just have to pour out ten-cent pieces. Take a lot with you, and

you had better get a guide. He will cheat you, of course, but then he probably won't let the others do it. Oh, he will lie brazenly about his poverty, while all the time he is just coining rupees. Anyway, you will feel you have had your money's worth, for you need never bother about another Temple—they are all the same."

I listened disconsolately. It all sounded so disheartening, hot, and dirty. We slowed down in front of the hotel and thankfully went on to the big verandah and sighed with luxurious content under the cooling influence of an electric fan. It was quite amusing to watch the various gharris drive up and set down smartly dressed European women in the flimsiest of muslins, with pale, tired faces; most of the men tanned to a deep bronze.

We were tempted by the beauty of the evening to take a stroll by the lake. Kandy is a beautiful little town, with all its luxurious tropical vegetation. The lake, which is an artificial one, lies in the centre winding in and out as it stretches up the valley. On every side are closely wooded hills with the bungalows peeping out at all sorts of unexpected places.

We walked slowly along by the water under the trees which grew along by the margin of the lake. It was Sunday evening, and a crowd of gaily-dressed Eurasians passed us on their way to church. The curious "chi-chi" accent filled the air, and almost instinctively one began to try one's powers of imitation on it. We got back just in time to dress for dinner, a meal which was made more than passable by heaps of ice and really delicious mangoes. Through the pillars of the dining-room we could see "Sarcla," Mr. Hamilton's Indian servant, swaggering about in his smartest kit. It was amazing the way the man got along. He knew a few stray words of Cingalese and no Tamil, yet there he was enjoying himself immensely, all smiles and smirks and pride in his different style of dress and fine turban. We were glad to

get to bed that night; for motoring is more conducive to yawns than to liveliness of conversation, so we retired early, agreeing to meet about ten next morning for breakfast. I had a long, narrow room, very hot indeed, as there were no electric fans in the bedrooms. The brilliant lights in the passage, which shone through the open window above the door, made sleep almost impossible. Morning tea and a bath were a welcome relief after the trying night. I gazed regretfully at my clean blouse and skirt, but the desire to look fresh and cool was too strong, and I decided to put them on.

As the Temple was quite close I walked. Crowds of natives were gathered round the big entrance, and I half shrank back. There were so many of them, all chattering and clamouring together. From the inside came the chanting of the worshippers and the horrid noise of the tom-toms. Taking my pride and my courage in both hands, I walked boldly through the crowd, all eager to sell me postcards and sickly-looking sweetmeats. Just outside the door a clean-looking native came forward and offered me his services as a guide. I turned to him gratefully. He was a fine-looking man with thick, curling hair, and dressed in snowy white. His English, too, was quite good. He told me the Temple was very old, and that the carving was all done by Cingalese. Some of it was wonderful. A covered stone terrace ran along the front, and painted on the wall were the weirdest pictures I have ever seen—uncouth-looking figures crudely coloured, all undergoing the tortures of the damned. Those, he informed me, were to show people what would happen to them if they were wicked. Disobedient children, unjust usurers, drunkards, liars, murderers, thieves, etc., each had their own special form of torture. He did not seem to think I was sufficiently impressed, and, indeed, it was hard to be so, for they were so very funny. Right round the Temple ran a stone wall something after the style of battlements. About every few feet was a small square hole in which, my

guide told me, rested a lamp. These were only lit up on the night when the moon was full, when a festival took place. Then we passed into the Temple. The noise was deafening in the big outer court. Swarms of natives filled the place. All round were small tables covered with strong smelling flowers to be sold as offerings. The combined smell of flowers, natives, and general mustiness was too awful for words. It made me stagger back. However, having made up my mind, I was quite determined to go through with it all. My guide swept the inquisitive children aside and conducted me up a few steps to a small place of worship.

A great Buddha sat in lonely state, a huge figure with several smaller ones near, all in a great glass case. In front of the big figure, and in a tiny case to itself, was a small Buddha entirely made of glass. A priest opened the door of the case and thrust a lighted taper behind the glass figure. The effect of the transparent god was most curious. Gorgeous jewels covered the stand the big god rested on, and they glittered and sparkled in the subdued light of the tapers. The guide told me about the Kandy kings of bygone ages who had brought all these wonderful jewels as offerings to Buddha.

Two great fat priests, very insufficiently clothed, and their bodies shining with well-being, hovered near. Their heads were covered with curious round hats, which to my mind considerably detracted from their dignity. I hastily dropped some cents into the plate offered to me and turned to go. Worshippers on every side chanting their doleful hymns, accompanied with beating of tom-toms, making the whole, to our ideas, seem a hideous mockery. It was a relief to get out into the fresh air after the overpowering atmosphere of the Temple.

A smaller Temple across the road held the mark of Buddha's foot. He must have been a well-grown man, for it was six feet long at least. Not unnaturally, I stared rather

at seeing it—who wouldn't have? But the grave face of my guide prevented any facetiousness on my part. It was with a thankful spirit I bade him good-bye and thrust a rupee into his hand. Fifty cents too much, of course. Notwithstanding that fact, he whined dismally about his poverty. Almost instinctively my eyes travelled up to the terrace with its quaint pictures of the terrors of hell. Perhaps he saw—perhaps not; but he left me without further fuss, and with relief I turned to the first rickshaw and drove back to the hotel.

Four hours later saw us on our way to Colombo, hot, tired, and very cross. Perhaps in that last respect one should only speak for one's self—anyway, I was the least cross of the three.

K. F.

A FOUR DAYS' TRIP IN NORTH PERAK.

About ten days ago I received orders to make the quarterly survey of the Treasury at Selamo, a small Malay village in the North of Perak, just by the Kedah boundary, and at the same time I was asked by the district officer if I should care to accompany him on a four days' trip to Selama.

The first four or five miles of our journey lay along the north end of the Krian plain, a land of white earth and muddy pools where the unwearying Chinese dig out a very large proportion of the world's tin. An opportune storm shut off this somewhat dreary country from our eyes, and we could see little more than the houses by the side of the road.

Gradually, however, the jungle began to close in upon us. In places it was still rolled back from the road, but clearings became less and less frequent as we went on. Soon we entered the thick jungle where was no sound except for the noise of the gharri wheels, the chattering of a frightened monkey, and the shrill notes of the grasshopper. At six

o'clock we arrived at Batu Kurao, our first stopping-place. All the Malay villages consist of thatched wooden houses, nearly always built a couple of feet off the ground, and supported on poles. Malays prefer to live a little way from each other, and so a village straggles along a road for a mile or so. When we arrived, all the bullocks and horses were being brought in for the night; boys were beginning to fly kites, while their elders stood about in the "streets" and gossiped until the women should have prepared the evening meal. After rather a poor dish of curry we went to bed.

The next day we had lunch in the jungle. "Cups" were manufactured out of big leaves, which also served as plates. One may only help one's self with one's right hand when food is brought; the use of the left hand is an insult. Food consisted of rice, curried chicken and eggs. A local worker in cocoanut-shell spoons brought some which had been ordered, and among them a spoon made of the beak of the horn-bill. Later on at dinner we learnt from the Penghula, or Chief, the powers of this wonderful spoon. It must be made from the beak of a bird which has died naturally; this is all-important. Now if one's bitterest foe asks one to dinner, and one expects poison, take this spoon. If there be poison in the dish the spoon will melt away and the villain be discovered. But such cases are rare, and it is a much commoner occurrence to take too much chillies with one's curry. The consequent burning of the mouth is entirely cured by rubbing the spoon over one's lips.

Dinner that night we ate in Malay fashion, sitting on mats on the floor. A large bowl of rice was placed before us, and another for the three Malays; on a tray were many small dishes each with a separate ingredient: boiled eggs, salt fish, blachan (a smelly paste of fish), chillies, and other vegetables. We used neither spoon nor fork for eating; first one's hands must be wet or else the rice sticks firmly to them. At the beginning of the meal a bowl is brought to dip one's right

hand in, then one sits down cross-legged. To convey the rice to one's mouth, one squeezes some of it between the first three fingers and thumb, then one raises it with the back of the hand downward and uses the thumb as a spring to hurl it into the mouth.

After the curry the sirich leaf was brought in. There is a dish somewhat like a fruit dish, made of silver or tin; on it are half-a-dozen leaves and some small silver boxes. One of these contains the betel-nut, which one chews first to dry one's mouth; then one bends the leaf across, and with the first or second finger spreads lime from another box on it, then bend it up and eat it. It is not unpleasant to taste, and is said to be exhilarating.

Next morning we started down river in a canoe poled by two men, one at each end. In the middle was our baggage; there we sat with a bundle to act as a back rest and behind our boys held up umbrellas to shade us.

The river runs very swiftly, and is full of fallen trees and timber cutters' rafts. All the way down we saw the bright blue flashes of kingfishers, the red glimpses of a broadbill, while the burong menanth, or "son-in-law bird," cuts wood all the way down. The Malay says that this bird was once a man who lived with his mother-in-law, and she sent him out to cut wood each day. This was not to his taste, and one day he discovered how to imitate the sound of wood-cutting with his voice; and he spent his day doing this. Presently his mother-in-law came along, amazed yet pleased with the amount of work he seemed to have done. Seeing no wood cut, she looked so surprised that the man burst into laughter; and so he does to this day: "Chop, chop, chop! Huhaha!" It took us about seven hours to get down to where the gharris were waiting to take us to Selama, and reached there without mishap about 5.30 p.m.

SCALE HOW MISSION FUND.

DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-STUDENTS,

One result of our Ambleside Conference has been (as you will have seen in the Report) the resolution to form a "Scale How Mission Fund," and to ask all members of the Association who feel inclined to contribute a small sum annually (maximum subscription 2/6). This resolution is the outcome partly of Miss Mason's letter, and partly of our discussion on "Social Work." We felt it best to have one fund, which will be divided equally each year between home and foreign work. For the present these two parts of the one great harvest field will be represented by Miss Conder and Miss Janet Smyth, two of our own number. Miss Conder, as many of you know, is working in a settlement in Hoxton, and Miss Smyth hopes to go as an educational missionary to Uganda in the autumn. It was further decided to ask these two friends to increase and deepen our interest by sending details of their work to "L'Umile Pianta" from time to time. The Conference did me the honour to appoint me Treasurer of this fund. I collected upwards of thirty shillings on the spot, and shall be glad to receive any further subscriptions as soon as possible. In future these will be due at Easter, and a reminder shall appear in a spring number of "L'Umile Pianta" each year.—I remain, Your sincere friend and fellow-student,

EVA H. LAURENCE.

Bulmer Rectory, York.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I was so pleased to hear from Miss Gray that it was decided at the Conference to have a Missionary Page in "L'Umile Pianta." I do trust that it may tend to deepen the interest of many and to create interest in those who have so far been indifferent to missionary work. But more than all I am hoping

that not only interest may be aroused, but that many may realise, as never before, their personal responsibility towards the work. It is so easy to look upon the evangelisation of the world from an outsider's point of view, and to feel that although we are in perfect agreement with it, and may be deeply interested, yet that it is in no sense our work. We do not identify ourselves with it. We do not say "I am responsible for a share in this work. I have been called to evangelise the world." But surely this is the right and only attitude, and I do want you to consider whether you are looking at it in this light.

In considering Christ's command, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations," we must ask ourselves, "Why should I *not* go?" rather than "Why should I go?"

Many of us will find, I think, that in the sight of God our reasons for staying at home are but poor excuses. Some of us may be willing to go, but are kept back by a sense of unfitness. None, of course, can ever feel themselves fit for so high and holy a calling, but the question as to our own fitness is not one for us to decide. Our part is so to yield our wills that we are ready to do just what God commands. Our very willingness is the first step towards being made fit. "Self-consecration is the beginning of His service."

There are two main reasons why "it is the solemn duty of the Christians of this generation to do their utmost to evangelise the world; the infinite need of men without Christ and the unparalleled opportunities which abound to-day for carrying the Gospel to them."

Let me illustrate from China and Japan.

Until two and a-half years ago no girls' schools were known in China; to-day they are springing up in numbers, and the imperial sanction has been given for starting schools all over the empire, both normal and primary. But who are to be the teachers in these schools? And is Christianity to be taught in them? This depends on the Church at home. A

missionary in Si-chuan received deputations from forty different places asking for Christian teaching, but eighteen months later he wrote saying that up to that time thirty-seven had appealed in vain.

It has been said that the next ten years will settle the future of China. Is that future to see Christ exalted in China or cast out? It rests with the Church at home to strain every nerve and to give of her best that the Empire of China may be won for Christ.

In India the needs and opportunities are equally great. One of her Christian doctors writes:—

"India offers to-day great opportunities of gathering into the Church thousands who are desirous of entering it. It cannot be too often reiterated that there are literally thousands among the depressed classes who are claiming from the Christian Church the opportunity of developing body, mind and spirit. Apart from Christianity, there is no hope for them."

An evangelist working in the Telugu country writes:—"Crowds of people are asking us to enrol their names as inquirers, but we have no teachers to send them"; and it is the opinion of the Bishop of Madras that in the Telugu country alone there are 2,000,000 people who desire instruction. Is there no Ambleside student who will volunteer for this work? Do not think that your qualifications will be wasted; women of the highest education are required for many of the schools of India and China. There are so many at home to step into your shoes, and abroad so few to fill the gaps left by those who, after vainly spending their strength in doing the work of three or four, either break down and come home or else die at their post.—Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

C. JANET SMYTH.

The Willows, Church Street, Stoke Newington, N.